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HIGHLAND
DAY-DREAMS

BY GEO: MACKENZIE







HIGHLAND DAY-DREAMS



HIGHLAND DAY-DREAMS

POEMS AND SONNETS

BY

GEORGE MACKENZIE

INVERNESS:
PRINTED AT THE "NORTHERN CHRONICLE" OFFICE

1887

ANARCON



Inscribed

TO

LOCHIEL,

LORD-LIEUTENANT OF INVERNESS-SHIRE,

A TYPICAL HIGHLAND CHIEF,

FAMED FOR HIS MANLY PATRIOTISM AND INTELLECTUAL
EMINENCE, AS HIS ILLUSTRIOUS Sires WERE
RENOWNED FOR THEIR HEROIC VALOUR.



P R E F A C E.

SEVERAL of the Poems and Sonnets comprised in this Volume have already seen the light through the medium of various periodicals, whilst others are now printed for the first time. "Highland Day-Dreams" are submitted to the criticism of the general reader, with the Author's consciousness that the appreciative reception accorded to many of the pieces forming the collection, was far beyond what was due to any intrinsic merits they possessed. The verses are mostly the immature and unstudied effusions of youth, composed during the brief periods of leisure incidental to the busy life of a telegraph clerk.

G. M'K.

SEAFORTH LODGE, BALLIFEARY,
INVERNESS, *December, 1887.*



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HIGHLAND DAY-DREAMS.

Highland Chivalry.

Lochiel's Devotion.

"I will share the fate of my Prince, whatever it may be, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power."

*The words of Lochiel to Prince Charles Edward Stuart,
at Borrodale, July, 1745.*



N Arkaig's beauteous banks the rowans
reddened in the sun,
The melody of song-birds gladdened Morar's
fairy isles,
In mossy dells the antlered deer amid the brackens lay,
And fair Loch Lochy's silv'ry bosom mirrored nature's
smiles.
'Twas in the garish summer-tide of fatal "Forty-five,"
When Royal Charles came o'er the sea to win his
father's crown,
The Chief of all the Cameron men, the chivalrous
Lochiel,
Met Stuart's Prince at Borrodale, where Moidart's
mountains frown.

In counsel sage, Lochiel knew well the might of England's power,
And saw how perils strewed the path that on to victory led;
Humane as brave, he felt that high the tide of war must roll,
But would not chill the ardent heart that trusted in his aid.
From vine-clad France, with roseate hopes, he came to claim his own,
This comely youth, the rightful heir of Britain's lawful King.
The Cameron's Chief paused not to weigh the risks of fickle war,
The cause of honour he must choose though dangers it might bring.
“My Prince,” he said, “I share thy fate, whatever it may be,
And in thy cause the Cameron Clan their broadswords shall unsheathe.”
When 'mid Glenfinnan's gloomy crags the Standard was upraised,
A thousand Camerons stood around full valiant to the death.
Their courage and devotion shone where *all* were brave and true,
Around the ensign when unfurled on ruddy fields of fight;

The ancient Celtic fire burned fierce in every Highland heart,
At Falkirk and at Prestonpans none could withstand their might.
Foremost in battle waved the plume of Achnacarry's lord—
Right doughty foe that turned to face his Highland broadsword keen !
The Camerons stirring war-cry pealed above the clash of arms,
Where danger raised its crimson crest the Cameron badge was seen.
The tartans oft on gory fields were dyed a ruddier hue,
O'er many a scene of triumph did the clansmen's slogan swell,
Till Scotland's capital was held by Royal Stuart's host,
And brighter deeds of valour wrought than song or tale can tell.
Resistless as a torrent sweeps amidst their rocky glens,
They charged the foe, and won a dower of fame that gleams for aye ;
While faithless hearts were full of plots and timid hearts of fears,
The Cameron men were faithful to the last disastrous day.

Attest it, bleak Culloden Moor, where Highland hopes
were slain,
Attest it, gallant patriot hearts that 'neath the heather
lie,
And witness it, ye changeless hills that look upon the
field
Where Highland blood in rivers ran, that honour might
not die.

Baby Boy.

A BRIGHT New-Year, big, bonnie bairn,
My merry-eyed and laughing son,
May coming years deal kind with you—
As yet your years scarce number one.

When hawthorn boughs were white with May
You came to fill our hearts with bliss,
Ere radiant summer's face was flushed
With rosy July's ardent kiss.

Wee dimpled hands that drum with joy ;
Untiring voice that all day long
Tells stories none can understand—
Yet sweet to me as poet's song.

Brown eyes so thoughtful and so wise
Seem wondering what the world can be,
And guessing that she loves you best
Who dances you upon her knee.

May you be happy, and be good,
Wee guileless bairnie ; peace and joy
In summers that I may not see
Be aye with you, my baby boy.

Innocence.

Oh ! you are sweet and fair of face,
And in that pair of soft blue eyes
The light of simple girlhood lies.

You are endowed with every grace
That can make mortal nigh divine ;
And hearts adore you, sweetheart mine.

No marvel that it should be so,
You are so innocent—so fair ;
I scan your brow, truth mantles there.

They call you proud ; I do not know,
You may be, and I think you should
Be proud of being so kind and good.

In Thoughts and Dreams.

FAIR as a flower and pure as a star,
Minnie, with voice as sweet as a song,
Love of my heart, though thou art afar
Fondly I think of thee all day long.
Though flowers have fled, and summer is dead,
And thro' the trees the wintry wind blows ;
Yet summer is where thy smiles are shed,
Maiden, lovely as lily or rose.

I dream of thee when the stars gleam bright,
I think of thee when the sun is high,
In the gloaming grey, and morning's light,
The face that is dearest seemeth nigh.
'Tis love alway, no love of a day,
That comes with morning, in evening flies ;
The pray'r of flowers for Aurora's ray,
The hope of stars that the sun may rise.

Often I muse of thy proud, dark eyes,
And the peerless splendour resting there ;
The glow that dwelleth in summer skies
With thy pensive smile can scarce compare.

Ah ! sweetheart mine, thou art nigh divine,
And I bless thee more than words can tell ;
To this northern land of fir and pine,
Wilt come when the flowers bloom ?—fare thee
well !

Stars and Flowers.

THIS world is full of splendour and of light ;
It is a world that grateful hearts should love—
By day we view earth's glories, and by night
We have the stars above.

Pale sentinels in yonder distant skies,
Worlds in the vast infinity of space ;
We gaze upon them with our wondering eyes,
And strive their forms to trace.

We marvel what they are—we cannot know,
Although we recognise the master hand
Of Him who reigneth o'er this world below,
And formed the sea and land.

But on the surface of this globe of ours
There is a wealth of fair creations spread.
And loveliest of all we deem the flowers—
“God's smiles on earth,” 'twas said.

Oh, flowers are beautiful ; who loves not them
Methinks can love no other thing beside ;
More brilliant in their radiance than the gem
That is a monarch's pride.

Oh, how I wish the smiling summer hours
Would reign all the long year, nor pass away,
For then we always could behold the flowers
In splendour, not decay.

Autumn has come again with silent tread—
How swiftly summer's glory has gone by !
The flowerets soon, still beautiful, but dead,
Upon the ground will lie.

Yet spring will come and kiss them into life,
And garish hues unto those blossoms give ;
For, like to man when closed his earthly strife,
The flowerets die to live.

In the Woodland.

Above, tall fir-trees rear their heads,
Beneath, ferns and wild violets twine ;
The bees rest 'mid the gorse and grass,
Or woo the perfumed eglantine.

Perched on a bough, a little bird
Is chirping ceaseless notes of woe,
All careless of the joyant scene
That bounteous nature spreads below.

It lists not to the merry songs
Of feathered minstrels flitting by,
It looks not on the garish flowers,
Nor views the cloudless noonday sky.

It rests upon the branch where stood
The tiny nest it built in spring ;
But robbed is now that cherished home—
Moss, feathers, wool, and everything.

The callow birds that erstwhile peeped,
From that soft couch whereon they lay,
Then wondered at the lofty trees,
And nestled closer, are away.

Poor, fluttering, feeble, down-clad things,
A cruel hand has wrought this wrong ;
'Twere little, sure, to leave them there,
They yet might fill the woods with song.

The flowers are closing with the night,
The bees have folded up their wings ;
But still those melancholy notes
Upon that bough the wee bird sings.

Poinding the Bairnie.

AT PEINESS, SKYE, 1886.

To a western isle of the ocean
The beagles of law went forth,
To seize on the garnered harvest
Of the sturdy men of the North.
In a hut and a cradle humble,
'Mid the noise of hurrying feet
And discord of words, slept a baby,
Peacefully, innocent, sweet.
Then one of the ruthless beagles,
From leash and chain set free,
Pounced on the helpless bairnie
As pledge for the landlord's fee ;
And reckoned the child at *sixpence* !
Fond pledge of its parents' love—
The highest gift that a mortal
Can win from the realm above—
Valued at sixpence ! Bairnie,
Sure little the beagle knew,
That all the wealth of the landlords
Counts less up in Heav'n than you.
The beagle ne'er kissed a baby,
Wee son of the Misty Isle,

Or he'd known the gems of the Indies
Are dim to a baby's smile.
For an infant's wondrous wisdom
Is more than the world can teach,
And babes are nearer the angels
Than ever men's hearts can reach.
The halo that circles the cradle
Where a sleeping baby lies,
Is pure as the ambient glory
And sheen of the starry skies.
The voiceless thoughts of an infant
Are deeper than worldlings deem,
And brighter its visions of slumber
Than poet or sage can dream.
God prosper ye, little crofter,
In your humble cot rest well ;
You're worth a lot more than sixpence,
Though the beagle could not tell.

The Belle of Wicklow.

No roses lay athwart her path,
Life's lilies never strewed her way ;
But yet her face as gladsome beamed
As maiden's on a bridal day.

Wealth decked not with a bounteous hand
The cabin brightened by her smile,
Though flowers that clung around its porch
The bees from wandering could beguile.

She had no silken robe to wear—
(A russet served in sun and shower),
But on her lips she wore a smile,
And in her hair she wore a flower.

She loved the Shamrock of her isle—
That land of maids as pure as fair ;
And modesty adorned her brow
As if bright sunshine rested there.

Full oft her brown eyes filled with tears
For Erin, land of harp and song ;
She spake of all its ancient fame,
And centuries of strife and wrong.

In Wicklow town or fair Rathdrum,
A sweeter face was never seen ;
From Rathlin's Isle to Bantry Bay,
There was no lovelier colleen.

"Good-bye," I sighed ; "when morning dawns,
I leave these fairy glades of thine ;
The Dargle and the Lover's Leap
Are beautiful, but thou'rt divine."

The Snowdrop.

See that tiny gem already peeping
Through the soil, unheeding wind or snow ;
Summer's days and Autumn found it sleeping,
While its sisters basked 'neath Phœbus' glow.

Now, when scarce another flower is blooming,
And the sunshine seems so far away,
It looks up with glance so unassuming—
Pure and lovely as the moon's pale ray.

In the floral language it expresses
“Hope”—and 'tis an emblem fit and true ;
Coming like the first kind word that blesses
Love and friendship when the year is new.

Simple flower, unrivalled in its whiteness,
Fair as blossoms with a prouder mien ;
Herald of sweet Spring and Summer's brightness,
When the woods and glens don robes of green.

Soon the merry birds will lift their voices
Up to Heaven from the leafy bowers ;
As the poet in his soul rejoices,
Thanking nature for her gift of flowers.

In Memoriam

David Kennedy, the Scottish Songster.

FAR from the ancient land
Whose songs were aye his glory,
Nigh vast Canadian lakes
And lichenèd forests hoary,

The Scottish minstrel sleeps ;
Life's chord of music broken,
The last sweet ballad sung,
The last quaint story spoken.

The fond heart stilled and cold,
The sweet voice hushed for ever ;
A true and faithful life
Returned unto the Giver.

“ A nicht wi' Burns ” is past ;
Though memories of its sweetnes
And sparkling wit fade not,
But reach their full completeness.

Rest, genial singer, life
Is shadowed o'er by sorrow ;
The heart that joys at eve
Is sad upon the morrow.

The Secrets of the Sea.

THE winds have voices, and the silent stars

. Have vision ; Ocean bears within its breast

A thousand secrets—underneath its waves

The relics of a boundless empire rest.

Not on a battle-field in our wide world

Repose hearts more devoted, brave, and true,

Than all the noble ones that sleep in peace,

Wrapped in old Ocean's fadeless shroud of blue.

How many ningling with the green sea-weed

Died fighting for this Britain of our pride,

And gazed on danger with a smile as sweet

As on the orange blossom looks a bride !

Not few were they who left these Highland glens,

Obeying some landed magnate's stern behest,

Yet never reached Australia's fertile shore,

Nor viewed the virgin prairies of the West.

Ah, Ocean, thine are tales of mystery !

Of gallant ships that on thy bosom lay

When morning dawned, but ere night's mantle fell

Bright eyes grew dim, kind hearts were cold for aye.

The trees fade and the summer flowerets die,
Our earth is subject to the laws of change ;
The moon wanes, comets blaze and disappear,
Portending, ancients said, events full strange.

'Thou art the same forever : seasons run,
The generations gaze upon thy face,
And read not there a record of thy years,
Nor from the white, worn shells a history trace.

The myriad marvels hide beneath those waves :
Proud ships thine utmost limits travel o'er,
The cable, land with distant land unites,
But thou wilt hold thy secrets evermore.

Years Ago.

The moonbeams fit like shadows
O'er the tranquil summer sea ;
The time and place bring back again
A slumbering memory,
A memory that lingers
In my heart since years ago,
Of joys and hopes that soon dissolved,
Like wreaths of sun-kissed snow.

We sat here in the twilight
On the eve of our farewell ;
The tiny waves upon the beach
In cadence rose and fell ;
But softer than the music
Of the wavelets' ebb and flow
Was the voice of her beside me,
Whom I loved long years ago ;

And brighter than pale Luna
Throwing silver on the sea,
Was her smile so sweet and winning,
Like an angel's smile might be.

When we bade adieu, she whispered,
“ I'll be faithful, though we part ! ”
Oft I wonder does she sorrow
That she broke a loving heart ?

For her voice I do not hear now,
And her smile I do not see ;
Yet betimes when I am dreaming
She seems standing near by me.
But, alas ! when slumber leaves me
The bright vision glides away,
As the stars fade from the heavens
At the opening of day.

Wild flowers.

HERE, my maid, a bunch of flowers,
Culled for thee from leafy bowers :
I have roamed the woods to-day,
Climbing many a heath-clad brae ;
Now I set before thy view
Flowerets sweet of varied hue :
Bluebell—blue as sky or sea—
Emblem 'tis of constancy ;
Here are modest pansies too,
Look ! they hide their smiles from view ;
And some ferns around them twine,
As my heart is bound to thine—
(For I have of sweethearts three,
Flowerets, poesy, and thee).
What's this tiny gem we've got ?
Ah ! 'tis a forget-me-not—
Maiden, may it plead with thee
That thou shalt remember me !
These bright flowers will droop and die
Ere that sun sinks 'neath the sky !
Thus a lesson's taught each day,
Nothing blooms but to decay !

En Memoriam
John Kennedy, D.D.

FROM Tiber's city, where sweet flowers were blowing,
From stately Florence of the cloudless skies,
He came to rest amid his people, knowing
The strength of loving ties.

Truth was his armour, and his aims were holy.
Honour and love formed of his life a part ;
The Master's maxim, to be meek and lowly,
Was graven on his heart.

No more to listen to the potent preacher,
The noble, earnest man whose life was spent
Telling the message of the Heavenly Teacher,
In words full eloquent.

Death quenches hopes, but virtue lives forever,
Enshrined in memory ; good deeds never die.
Though he has gone unto the Mighty Giver,
Death is but victory.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

COLUMBIA for her greatest son is weeping,
 Thrice worthy of her tears ;
A sweet voice hushed, a mighty Titan sleeping,
 With honour, full of years.

His themes were those of freedom and devotion ;
 He took the negro's part,
And spake of chained slaves lying 'neath the ocean,
 And stirred each feeling heart.

“Evangeline,” the hapless maiden's story,
 Where peace 'mid grief was born ;
“The Song of Hiawatha”—full of glory,
 As sunlit summer morn.

His fame lives on, and fondly do we love him,
 Bard of the lofty mind ;
Whose songs were pure as stars that gleamed above him,
 Whose heart was true and kind.

Taken from earth, whose pristine dower of beauty
He wove in deathless song ;
A man was he, who summed up life's great duty,
" Love good, avoid the wrong."

Good-bye to him, who filled us with the sweetness
Of song that never dies,
Life's poem has but attained its full completeness,
The bard lives in the skies.

Minnie.

THE sunlight fadeth in the west,
Grey clouds are floating o'er the sky ;
Oh ! fairest one, and loved the best,
Thy hand—Good-bye !

The lilies passed with Summer's hours,
Fled are the gems of fragrance sweet ;
That thou should'st leave with other flowers
Is only meet.

The rose's perfumed leaves remain,
Altho' their pristine garish sheen
Has passed away, still it is gain
Once to have seen.

Fond memories of thee most dear,
Like scent of flowers, do not depart,
For I will think thro' winter drear
How kind thou art.

Of happiness I had my share
In being often near to thee,
And gazing on a face as fair
As dream might be.

The lilies will return with Spring,
Red-petalled roses bloom again,
In sylvan groves the birds will sing,
And thou'l come then.

The Old Dear's Song.

My days are nearly o'er, the old year said ;
How soon is traced the record on life's page !
I had four lovely daughters, three are dead,
And one remains to comfort my old age.

First came young Spring, and she was passing fair,
Although in temper changeful—sun and rain ;
Snowdrops and crocus glistened in her hair,
And warbling song birds followed in her train.

She left : then blue-eyed Summer smilingly
Came tripping up, and sung a joyous song ;
A basket filled with roses she gave me,
And strewed wild flowers the woods and vales among.

Every one loved her ; for her blithesome face
Made all the world look glad. Alas ! the day
When she came to me with a Naiad's grace,
And said, in tears, that she must go away.

Autumn then clasped me to her loving breast,
And spread ripe fruits and corn from out her store ;
But she sent all the flowers and leaves to rest—
I fear, too, that I will not see them more.

My three are gone, and one alone remains—
Pale Winter with the cold and frosty brow ;
She limns white flowers upon the window panes,
And hangs up icicles on every bough.

Though Winter is so cold, her heart is kind,
And gifts full rare she to her mother gave ;
Now that I die, my brow with bays she'll bind,
And place a wreath of snow above my grave.

Burnaby.

MORT SUR LE CHAMP D'HONNEUR

WARFARE can wake him never more !
First in the fight where all were brave ;
'Mid the sabre's flash and the cannon's roar,
He has won a soldier's grave.

Struck by a swarthy Arab's lance,
Sword in hand as he wished to fall ;
Fred Burnaby's life was a grand romance ;
The end was grandest of all.

Fierce was the battle storm, I ween,
Death and Duty stood side by side.
He fought for honour, and land, and Queen ;
Grim death seemed fair as a bride.

Bury him in the desert sand,
Place no stone at the hero's head ;
He fell for the love of his own dear land,
And rests with the mighty dead.

England will miss her trusty son
When Afghan slopes are red with gore ;
When the crafty Muscov presses on
To the gates of famed Lahore.

O ! that we may find hearts as true,
Arms as strong in that coming day ;
Our Burnaby proved what Britons can do ;
Deeds like his will live for aye.

The Pansy.

(“YOU OCCUPY MY THOUGHTS.”)

WHEN the dark-grey clouds are breaking,
As the morn draws nigh ;
When the flowerets are awaking
'Neath the azure sky,
And the lark sweet music making
Far away on high—
You occupy my thoughts.

When the noonday sun is shining
From its blue-decked throne,
All the hills with glory lining—
Gold rays richly strewn—
And, when in the west declining,
Phœbus journeys on—
You occupy my thoughts.

When the silver stars are beaming,
And the world's at rest,
Of your peerless face I'm dreaming,
Fairest one, and best :
When beside you thus in seeming,
Or when grief-oppressed—
You occupy my thoughts.

Gordon at Khartoum.

TRUE hero ; kindness lightens up his smile,
And courage mantles on his honest face ;
He knows not fear, that man of Scottish race,
With humble, trustful heart, devoid of guile.

Gazing across the arid plains of sand,
He sees no succour—foes press all around ;
He listens, but he hears no pibroch sound—
Is he abandoned by his mighty land ?

Our Highlanders are eager for the field—
Stern Seaforths, gallant Gordons—let them go ;
The Forty-Second longs to smite the foe :
Oh ! send the men that know not how to yield.

Help, while the Arab hordes are yet at bay ;
Help, or no human hand can aid or save ;
Is it a crime to be supremely brave
And loyal-hearted in this latter day ?

Gordon at Bay.

BRAVELY done, thrice gallant soldier, Britain's star will
ne'er decline

While her sons are dowered with daring and devotion
such as thine ;

Altho' cravens sent thee thither, knowing perils strewed
the way,

Honour being with thee a portion of thy life, thou
did'st obey.

Mighty Scotchman, single-hearted, chivalrous as
knights of old,

In the distant years the story of thy valour shall be
told ;

Men will gather round the log pile when their daily
toil has ceased,

Reading from thy page of glory that has lightened up
the East.

Thou wert one against the many, but despair came
never nigh,

Foes pressed near and ever nearer—foes that dreaded
not to die—

Swarthy zealots hovered round thee, as the vultures
scent their prey,
Swift thy prowess burst the toils—a lion had been
brought to bay.

Altho' ingrate, craven faction holds the reins with
palsied hand,
Thine remains a glorious guerdon—gratitude of all the
land ;
Britain's flag dishonoured lay, but thou hast raised it
up anew,
Nobly done, good, gallant Gordon ; statesmen fail, but
thou art true.

Too Late!

It flashed from Orient lands, that tale of doom :
Men whispered it, and spake with bated breath
Of the lone Christian soldier at Khartoum,
Disaster dread and death.

Wild sorrow dimmed the eyes, and crimson shame
Flushed all men's cheeks ; hearts filled with dark
despair.
All knew him true, that man of Scottish name,
And brave beyond compare.

For nigh a weary year, a ring of fire
Encircled him we loved ; no helping hand
Came near, but yet he held our flag the higher
Amid the desert sand.

Expectant of the succour long denied,
What were the hero's thoughts as months dragged by ?
Mayhap he wondered, in his silent pride,
If he was sent to die.

Brave Gordon vigil kept ; the rebel horde
Rushed on Khartoum swift as the Nile in flood,
But, baffled, fled before that valorous sword,
And marked their path in blood.

They could not crush him, though he was but one
And they were many. In their own wild way
The swarthy foes admired that dauntless son
Of Scotland brought to bay.

He scorned to yield ; his country might forget
Its duty, while base cravens clung to power,
'Twas his to strike for Britain's glory yet
Until his latest hour.

The prayers of a nation mount on high
For him, the kindest, noblest, bravest knight.
He lives—if not on earth, in that pure sky
Where saints are robed in light.

A New Year's Wish.

A joyous bright New Year to thee,
Heaven's blessings crown thy brow ;
Thou art so innocent and fair
That fortune's self will strive to share
Her gifts with thee ; may she bestrew
Them thick as summer's daisies grow.

Language of Flowers.

THE daisy tells of innocence,
The violet modest grace,
White hyacinth has loveliness
Engraven on its face ;
But not a flow'ret can we find
That symbolises these combined
Excepting thee, thou maiden sweet,
A blossom with all charms complete.
I trow that thou art fairer far
Than fragrant flower or brilliant star—
A beam of love,
From realms above,
To show what like the angels are.

The Fate of Poland.

SEE erstwhile mighty Poland, with her head bowed
down in tears,
Mourning her gallant people's woes, through all those
weary years.
Her ancient greatness passed away, her sons in despot's
chains,
In sunless mines of that bleak land where nought of
hope remains.
No crime was theirs, but loving their poor bleeding
land too well,
And striving hard to raise her to the height from
which she fell.
Will liberty yet smile on her, and kiss her suffering
face ?
Amid the nations that are free, can she still win a
place ?

SPIRIT OF POLAND.

My children no longer are sleeping ;
In slumber and pain, in tyranny's chain
Can they rest ? hush ! they cease their weeping !
Their voices are nigh, and they sing to me,
Their hands are stretched out, and they cling to me.

By bright-eyed freedom forsaken,
To grim captivity taken,
Yet they come to me,
Over land and sea,
For they dreamt a dream of the free.
From far homes they come,
From far tombs they come,
Nor leave me to shameless death.
They come, they call on my name,
They come, with torches aflame,
And swords drawn out of the sheath.

VOICES.

Sweet mother, we hear thy cry,
We are nigh, we are nigh ;
We would die for the bliss of thee,
As we sigh for the kiss of thee,
From alien lands we hie.
O cruel Muscovy,
The day of thy trouble is near,
In the time of darkness and fear,
From the depths of Siberian mines,
Where the light of God never shines ;
From the regions of snow
We shall speed, when the foe
Strikes thee down with merciless blow.

Avenging, over the sea,
Bearing the pitiless traces
Of thy stripes, thou foe of the free,
We come with blood on our faces.

Tremble, thou robber of liberty !
From the patriot's grave,
From the martyr's tomb,
In the name of the brave
We pronounce thy doom—

Perish, thou slayer of nations free.

The Poet.

A LOVELY cottage stood beneath a hill,
Embosomed 'mid fair wreaths of fragrant flowers ;
Moss roses clung around the hidden walls,
As if resisting to be torn away
From such a fairy scene. In this abode
There dwelt an unassuming son of song.
The sweetly warbled music of the birds
To him had a deep meaning ; and the sound
Of the clear streamlet leaping at his feet
Had in his ear a music of its own.
He loved the flowers that made our world so bright ;
And beauties in them, which unnoticed were
By other eyes, were in the poet's sight
More beautiful than mountain, sea, or stars.
Their very delicacy seemed more fair
Than nature's loftier pictures ; and his soul
Delighted in those fragrant miniatures.
Long would he stray by lucid rivulet,
Pulling sweet flowers, as if afraid to pull,
He seemed so tender of them ; for he knew
That they had life, and that when torn away
• The season of their fragrance soon would fly,
And sere would grow the leaf that freshly bloomed.

And when he raised his lyre he sang of flowers,
Of trees, and rustic scenes ; and on his lips
There dwelt but nature's praises. He cared not
To study man, or man's domain—the world :
That busy world was seldom in his thoughts.
He saw no poetry in the struggling crowd,
Each hurrying on intent on selfish gain,
Regarding not the glories of the earth ;
The forest was his city, the green woods
His place of recreation. Nought could tempt
Him to forsake his calm felicity ;
For he *was* happy in his solitude.
The sound of strife ne'er visited his ear.
If empires tottered or base tyrants fell
'Twas all unheeded or unheard by him.
Thus did he live, and all his days were passed
Like one bright summer's morning, and no clouds
Obscured the radiance of his happiness.

Prince Charlie's Farewell,*

ON THE BEACH OF PORTREE, SKYE, 30TH JUNE, 1746.

AMID the shells and shingle on the shore
The Stuart Prince and Flora met to part ;
“ Devoted one,” he said, “ I owe thee more
Than tongue can utter ; ever in this heart
My fair preserver’s name will hold a place.
I hope, dear Flora, at no distant day,
With mine the throne and honour of my race,
I can in deeds *thy* noble deeds repay :
Farewell ! thou faithful one !”

. Across the sea,
In sunnier lands, where hearts beat not more true,
The maiden lived not in the memory
Of him whose life to her fond zeal was due.
Forgotten all the goodness and the grace—
Has gratitude for ever taken wing ?
Forgotten that kind sympathetic face :
Ingratitude forgetteth everything !

* Written for the late Rev. A. Macgregor’s “ Life of Flora Macdonald.”

Pleuna :

THE LAST SORTIE.

'TWAS a cloudy winter's morning, scarce a star the sky
adorning,

When the Ghazi gave the warning that his soldiers
should prepare ;

" All relief," he said, " has failed us ; hopes and pray'rs
have not availed us ;

Famine's columns have assailed us ; but we must
not yet despair."

Swarthy warriors who would never flee, or, facing
danger, quiver,

Humbly pray unto the Giver of life, hope, and
victory.

Silently they leave the trenches where the mud-
engendered stench is ;

Every man his musket clenches, and prepares to
win or die.

" Come," cried Osman, " strike for glory ; and, if on
the field all gory

You may fall, the stirring story will make envious
your foes."

On the valiant army rushes ; over ridge and brake it
crushes,

As a mountain torrent gushes, flooded by the melting snows.
Soon the Muscov guns belch thunder. Many a limb
is torn asunder,
Many a fez is trampled under, yet the Ottomans
quail not ;
But, Mahomet's greatness naming, on they sweep, their
bayonets gleaming ;
Soon with blood the blades are streaming, crimsoning
the verdant spot ;
But the conflict is not ceasing ; the combatants are
increasing,
For the Moslem's now are facing foes, in front, in
flank, and rear ;
But, all danger proudly spurning, they have not a
thought of turning,
Although dear ones will be mourning for the thousands slaughtered here.
Long they fight though nigh despairing of success, for
all their daring
Cannot alter fate's unsparing sentence, that it was
in vain.
Though the field is strewn with dying, not a Moslem
thinks of flying,
Each man stands, his foes defying, like a wounded
stag at bay.

But 'tis vain. All hope is ended. Islam's cause has
been defended.

"Let no more lives be expended," cried the Ghazi ;
"it is past.

Raise the white flag, foes are pressing round us in a
tide unceasing.

Soldiers ! take your Osman's blessing ; 'twas well
done from first to last."

Esandula.

"The bodies of Lieutenants Coghill and Melville have been found embracing the regimental colours, which they had succeeded in saving."—*Cape Telegram*.

LIKE autumn leaves when breezes blow,
That sable throng rush wildly on ;
The hilly eminence is won :
They grapple with the northern foe.

The air resounds with frantic yells,
And assegais are whirled on high ;
How fearlessly those white men die
Their silent desperation tells.

That gallant few are falling fast,
Yet those still left unyielding stand,
Firm as the rocks that gird their land ;
They battle bravely to the last.

That silken banner which has waved
On gory fields with vict'ry crowned,
Now scarce a soldier stands around—
Can it from savage hands be saved ?

Ah, look ! two leaders in the strife
Have rescued it from such disgrace ;
Its folds in death they still embrace—
For glory they have given life !

Such lofty courage is sublime,
And thrills the human heart for aye ;
The sad, grand story of that day
Can wane not with the lapse of time.

Only a flower.

ONLY a tiny flower
Twined amid golden tresses,
Born but to bloom for an hour
'Neath the sun's warm caresses.

"Only a flower," she said,
(She was a blossom fairer) ;
And taking it from her head,
"Bard, you shall be the wearer!"

Only a simple song—
All that a bard could give her—
Telling of loving her long,
Loving her nigh forever.

Only a sweet wee kiss,
Such as would set one dreaming ;
Then a softly-whispered "Yes,"
And downcast eyes, blue, beaming.

Only a jewelled ring,
A gorgeous, flower-decked altar,
The joy that fond hearts can bring,
And truth that will not falter.

In Memoriam :

The Rev. Alex. Macgregor, died 19th Oct., 1881.

TEARS are the universal heritage
Of erring man, and Death is ever nigh.
This world is but the sowing-ground ; we reap
Life's harvest on the golden shore beyond.
He has been called henceward ; the true of heart,
The kindly gentleman, beloved of all ;
Unostentatious, dowered with nobleness,
And never wearying in his Master's work ;
Aye striving to give solace to the hearts
Of Sorrow's children ; tending lovingly
Beside the lowly pallets of the poor,
And open-handed to relieve distress.
Such have we known him ; gentle in his life
As in his words ; a pastor loved, revered ;
A trusted counsellor, a steadfast friend.
“Well done, thou good and faithful servant,” rest.

Parting.

HAND that I often clasped,
Soft and tiny and white,
Fondly I hold it in mine once more,
For we must part to-night.

Face that I deem divine,
Ever so kind and sweet,
When may I gaze on its charms again ?
Years may pass ere we meet.

Eyes that oft looked in mine,
Eyes of heaven's own hue,
Always beaming with innocent mirth,
Index of heart so true.

Heart that is all mine own,
So you said long ago,
And from your noble dower of truth
It will ever be so.

Lips of the rose's red,
Whisper before we part
If I may place there the seal of love,
(Balm for a weary heart).

See how the moonbeams play
Over the silvered sea ;
Clouds grow dense—it is night—good-bye !
Won't you remember me ?

Tel-el-Kebir.

SONS of the land where the heather blooms,
First in the fight where all were brave ;
Reaping a harvest of honour and fame,
In Egypt, over the wave.

To Saxon and Celt, Welshman and Sikh,
Render glory for deeds done well ;
Laurels and guerdons on each be bestowed,
Repose to the brave who fell.

Fierce, altho' brief, was the storm of strife,
Burning sun and a sandy plain,
'Mid bursting shells, sabres gleaming in air,
And under the leaden rain.

Welcome them home, for the toil is past ;
Drop a tear for the heroes asleep
In the desert sands of the Pharaoh's land ;
Ah ! peace to the hearts that weep.

The Osmanli's Appeal.

WHY did the grasping Muscovite come from his ice-bound land
To spread the Cossack gospel with the war-torch in
his hand ?
What ! is it Christian work to drench our homes with
blood and tears,
To fill our warlike sons with hate, our daughters'
hearts with fears.
The prophet of your faith would not approve of deeds
like these—
One of the precepts which he taught was love your
enemies.
If it be love to strike your erring brother to the dust,
And make the land he tilled a waste, your doctrines
are unjust.
Because we are not of your creed, although we own
your God,
Must we be called your enemies, and trampled 'neath
the sod ?

The Russ says we must leave the lands we conquered
long ago :

If mighty Allah has decreed it thus, let it be so ;
But by the sword we forced our way from Scythia's
sultry plain,

Then Europe strove to drive us back, but Europe
stroved in vain.

If we must now return we by the sword elect to go,
And we shall leave as first we came—our faces to the
foe.

'Twas said the Ottomans had lost the manhood of their
race,

That they would on their pristine warlike glory throw
disgrace.

But is it so ? do Plevna's slopes no grander story tell ;
Are Schipka's rocky spurs forgot, where many a Moslem
fell ?

"Effete, degenerate"—these terms were not too vile
for us :

Effete are we ?—degenerate ?—go ask the fair-haired
Russ.

Our sway extended into Central Europe's soil of yore,
But we have lost fair provinces : must we be shorn of
more ?

Why did the Muscov envy ours, has he not of his own
A land that fringes Hindostan, and clasps the frigid
zone !

Well, let him keep what he has got, nor grasp our
lesser share,
There's room for Osmanli and Russ in this wide world
so fair ;
Yet if we must be crushed by might, one struggle still
is nigh,
And Othman's haughty sons will teach the world how
men can die.

Love Conquers Pride.

HE was a man of noble worth ;
She was a high-born maid,
With smiling face and tiny hands,
Blue eyes that hearts waylaid.

He loved her ; but his love would not
Have deemed it honour high
To kiss a lady's scented glove,
Or at her feet to sigh.

He said, "The flattering art I scorn,
But you are good and kind,
I know by gazing in your eyes,
That index of the mind.

" I make no rash request, nor seek
More than I offer now—
A faithful heart that loves full well,
Holds sacred every vow.

" I would not sue on bended knee
To maid, howe'er so fair,
But only ask, in simple words,
If she my lot would share

“ I’d prize your love, but shall not plead,
Smile your consent or not ;
I ne’er would beg for heart or hand,
Remembered or forgot.”

The lady blushed ; ’twas not this way
The polished courtiers wooed,
But this was something new and strange,
Her proud heart was subdued.

She placed her tapered hand in his,
Her heart she gave him too ;
Nor once repented of her choice,
For he was fond and true.

Beaconsfield.

A TIME of mourning and of tribulation—

'Tis surely for a king?

A nation's tears for one who loved a nation,

A truly fitting thing.

He loved his country well ; to him her glory

And wealth of ancient fame

Were dear ; he traced with pride the thrilling story

Of how she won a name.

A name that glows with deeds of grand endeavour

Upon the land and sea,

High deeds of gallant daring, that for ever

Make Britain great as free.

Filled with the worthiest of all ambition—

To serve his country well ;

And to uphold her in that proud position

For which her heroes fell.

The honour of our land was bravely guarded

By him through anxious years ;

Right bountifully he is now rewarded—

A people's dower of tears.

HIGHLAND DAY-DREAMS.

Good-bye.

Ah ! then, good-bye ; I may not see
Your fair face soon again ;
But why repine ? bright Summer's come,
And flowers bloom in her train—
Good-bye !

The lovely damask rose will blush
Beneath the sun's warm rays,
And I will think it is your face,
Just as in other days—
Good-bye !

The blossoms on the hawthorn bush
Already do appear ;
And I will deem it is your brow,
And you will seem so near—
Good-bye !

Then I shall cull a tiny flower—
The blue forget-me-not ;
And it will whisper, though afar,
That I am not forgot—
Good-bye !

Extinguished Hope.

I LOVED thee long and so dearly,
Thou wert the whole world to me ;
But the angels came for thee early,
Their home in the skies to see.

By night at my window sitting,
I gaze on the orbs afar,
And dream thy pure spirit is flitting
From beautiful star to star.

Like the gorgeous sunshine streaming
Its glory across my way,
The light of thy smiles came beaming
Upon me that winter's day.

The winter's day that I met thee,
And felt thy magical power,
I knew I could not forget thee,
I dreamt not then of this hour !

Oh, noblest, purest, and dearest,
At rest 'neath a green grass mound ;
Celestial music thou hearest
Where glory and joy abound.

"From his flocks and herds shall be restored
The loss four-fold, so that men may shun
Ill deeds that by all should be abhorred ;
So bring him here that this wrong hath done."

"*Thou art the man*, O, David the King,"
Spake the prophet, "askest thou his name ?
'Tis thou that hast done this wicked thing."
And the monarch hid his face for shame.

Winter Sport.

O'er the snow, downy snow,
That on the ice a curtain weaves ;
Hearts elate, swiftly skate,
As in the forest fly the leaves.

Sweep along, like a song,
That falls melodious on the ear ;
Dash away, as the spray
Of waterfall when Spring is near.

As a star, seen afar,
Careering earthwards from the sky ;
To and fro, o'er the snow
And shining ice the skaters fly.

To A. Penrose Bay,

FOR FORTY YEARS POSTMASTER OF INVERNESS.

A joyous, merry Christmastide,
And many New-Years may you see ;
All through bright prosperous years to be,
May joy with you and yours abide.

Our honoured chief, endeared to all,
By courteous words and kindly ways,
Encouraging by generous praise,
And constant still at duty's call.

Ruling with justice, tact, and skill,
Yet e'er so gentle in your sway,
That it was pleasure to obey
Your wish, and each behest fulfil.

We prize you most who know you best,
For kindly deeds pass not away,
But live in memory's book for aye,
As in our hearts your name will rest.

Amid the restless, throbbing wires,
Fond thoughts of you will not be lost,
Your health will be the honoured toast
Around our cheery Christmas fires.

War in Egypt.

PRO PATRIA.

Glory to Merry England,
Strong-armed as in days of yore,
Whose daughters are fair and whose sons are brave,
Gem of the Earth and Queen of the Wave,
Great on the sea and great on the shore—
Glory to Merry England !

Glory to Bonnie Scotland,
The valiant land and the free,
From the hill and vale, from the dale and glen,
Highlands and Lowlands, come gallant men,
To bring once more, from over the sea,
Glory to Bonnie Scotland !

Glory to Ancient Ireland,
Yet her brow is stained with shame,
For the crimson of blood is on her hand,
Crime's grim spectre stalks over the land,
Ah ! Erin, retrieve thy pristine name—
Glory to Ancient Ireland !

Glory to Britain's soldiers,
Ready to fight and to fall ;
From far Hindostan they come to unite
For Britain's greatness and Britain's might,
Honour, thrice honour, to one and all—
Glory to Britain's soldiers !

The Scottish Thistle.

SYMBOLIC of liberty,
Blooming ne'er 'mid tyranny ;
Borne on Scotland's banner bright,
On the fields won by her might,
Where she fought to guard the right
And the free.

On the mountain's rugged breast
Where the eagle builds his nest ;
Not in garden, nursed with care,
But on moor, sterile and bare,
Pure and free as Scotia's air,
It finds rest.

Thriving by the torrent's flow,
On the lofty Ben's wild brow ;
Long may the proud Thistle wave
'Mid the mountains of the brave,
Ne'er be trodden by a slave
Or a foe.

Captain Webb.

DROWNED AT NIAGARA, 24TH JULY, 1883.

Lost in Niagara Rapids,
'Mid the surge, the rocks, and the roar,
Where, wrathful, the mighty river
Chafes wildly against the shore.

He loved the turbulent billows,
To him ocean's wild waves were dear,
He smiled at the thought of danger
And the thing that men call fear.

Clasped in the pitiless waters,
Far from the great land of his birth ;
He sleepeth—the dauntless sailor—
Not least 'mid brave ones of earth.

On the verdant slopes of Erie,
When long years have passed, they will tell
Of the man who braved the Rapids
And battled the waves so well.

Broken Hearts.

SHE loved him long, but he scorned her love,
Though she was good and fair ;
And fondly she gazed in his merry face
As he toyed with her raven hair ;
The time soon came when they had to part,
But he laughed when she spake of a broken heart.

He met another, and loved her well,
But from her proud, blue eyes
No kindly glance she would deign to cast,
And she turned from his ardent sighs ;
She heeded not that she caused a smart,
And she never thought of a broken heart.

At length he sought for the gentle girl
Who had loved him long ago ;
But a grass-grown mound was all he saw,
And the maiden slept below.
Then he shed hot tears for the lost love's sake,
And he knew that faithful hearts can break.

He strewed white daisies above her head,
And he wept there morn and night,
His sorrow went up to the distant sky—
To the realms of love and light,
Till Heaven took pity on his despair,
And two broken hearts are resting there.

A Gift of Flowers.

THANKS, maiden, for this gift, so fair to see,
Which thou hast given me ;
It brings to recollection summer gay,
When daisies strew the way.

Ah ! flowers are living things ; nor hate, nor strife
Disturbs their peaceful life ;
So kind, that they right bountifully share
Their fragrance with the air.

I deem that flowers can love—say is it so ?—
For thou, methinks, shouldst know ;
Thou art so near akin to them, oft times
I called thee “ flower ” in rhymes.

Flower of my heart art thou, for, in my breast
Thine image is impressed,
Unlike the gems that wither in a day,
It bloometh there for aye.

Queen Summer's banner soon shall be unfurled
O'er this unsmiling world,
And it will bring a wealth of golden flowers
To all the garden bowers.

'Mid that profusion I shall hold in mind
This fragrant gift so kind,
Though for these flowers, with ferns placed in among,
I give thee but a song.

A Christmas Wish.

Joy dwell with thee this Christmas day !

The happy morn has come again,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

As radiant thou as flowers in May,
That wake the garish summer time
And deck the earth with tints sublime.

Dear one, who art so kind and fair,
May heaven smile always on thy way,
And thy sweet goodness thus repay.

Ah ! but thou hast a bounteous share
Of noble worth and simple truth
To glorify thy guileless youth.

More prized by me a smile of thine,
Or e'en a glance from those bright eyes,
Than aught else underneath the skies.

Do not disdain these words of mine—
Fond wishes springing from a heart
That holds thee its most treasured part.

Once Upon a Time.

Moonlight, stars bright, a winter's night,
A maiden smiling on a youth,
A kiss—ah, bliss indeed is this—
Fond vows of endless love and truth.

"Tis spring—a ring delight doth bring,
And blushing is a fair young face ;
"Will you be true life's journey through ?"
A whispered "Yes," a warm embrace.

Blest life, a wife that ne'er makes strife,
But smiles as in the honeymoon :
Each day full gay, the same for aye,
No angry frown at eve or noon.

Oh joy, a boy so sweet and coy,
That laughing look from eyes blue deep ;
"Papa, mamma, good night, ta ta ;"
Now rock his cradle till he sleep.

Wealth and **W**orth.**WEALTH.**

I sit upon the world's high throne,
And lord it over peer and king,
Not from one land or clime alone
My worshippers their homage bring ;
Proud sovereigns give place to me,
And in my presence bow them down,
The toiling peasant bends his knee
And sues my favour, dreads my frown.

WORTH.

I have no jewelled throne to boast,
And wear no gems to daze the eye,
Wealth's subjects—that unnumbered host—
In silence oft-times pass me by ;
I lift my hand against the wrong,
And battle for the right and good,
I aid the weak against the strong,
And strive for mankind's brotherhood.

WEALTH.

I hold war's sinews in my hand—
And war is monarchs' play and sport—
Men hold me dear in every land,
I rule in palace, cot, and court ;

I mingle with the proud and gay,
They love beneath my smile to bask,
In every supplicating way
My favour they are prone to ask.

WORTH.

The careless crowd may love me not,
Though Virtue claims me as her lord ;
My name, perchance, may be forgot
Around the monarch's festal board ;
But I have many subjects too—
My crown a simple wreath of bay—
Who hate the false and love the true,
All own my mild and peaceful sway.

TRUTH.

Ah, Wealth ! thy throne must some day fall—
A despot's power lasts not for aye ;
Man's better heart thou hold'st in thrall,
Yet nearer comes bright freedom's day.
And thou, King Worth, shalt rule the earth—
The world a nobler world then be ;
Men honour rank and wealth and birth,
But thou art greater than the three.

Dead Sea fruit.

I've heard you speak of the Dead Sea fruit—
Then what is the Dead Sea fruit ? she said.
He smiled—a man of the world was he—
And placed his hand on her gold-tressed head.

Ah ! bright blue eyes, may the bitter tears
That tell of sorrow, and shame, and sin,
Never be yours in the days to be,
When life's fruit harvest is gathered in.

The Dead Sea fruit is fair to the sight :
You pluck it—dust and ashes inside !
Bloom of the rose, and the rotten core—
Famine decked in the robes of a bride.

A woman who breaks the faithful heart
That would have loved her on to the end ;
A man who, bidding good-bye to truth,
Deceives his trusting and honest friend.

A man—vile recreant to that name—
So false and cruel as to betray
The maid that trusts her honour with him,
And meets a robber on life's highway.

These are as fruit of the Dead Sea shore
That tempts the unwary passer-by ;
More dangerous they than an Upas tree,
Or hollow apples fair to the eye.

Ah ! comely face, with a crown of gold
In silken waves on that lily brow ;
Ah ! guileless heart, shun the Dead Sea fruit
And aye be pure and happy as now.

Deserted.

THEY linger in the garden,
Those lovers, hand-in-hand ;
In whispers low, but full sweet I trow,
They talk of life's joy, forgetting its woe,
As amid the fair flowers they stand.

Thus spake the gentle maiden,
Whose eyes her love confessed—
“ You go away from my side to stray,
But will you forget the vows of to-day,
In the distant land of the west ? ”

“ You doubt ! ” replies her lover,
“ You do me wrong, I vow.
While fragrant flowers round the garden bowers
Hold up their heads to the summer showers,
I will love you as I love now.”

The maid stands in her garden,
Changed is her once glad face ;
Few years have sped o'er the fair girl's head,
But the flowers of her heart are sere and dead,
And the world seems a desert place.

“Oh, heart ! ” she cries, “ forsaken
By one across the sea ;
Among the bowers I gather the flowers
In the summer evening’s lingering hours,
But my lover comes not to me.”

Scotland's Volunteers at Holprood.

1881.

UNDER the shadow of Holyrood,
Near to that ancient place of the kings,
There where the great, and the brave, and the good,
Met for the dance, or for sterner things.
There, too, the beautiful one was wed,
In that grey chapel, whose roofless walls
Picture the fate of the gold-tressed head
That oft was weary amid those halls.

Under the flag of the land we love—
Emblem of all that is grand and free,
Gory plains oft-times waving above,
When men as gallant as men could be
Streamed out their heart's core blood on the field,
Fighting for freedom in days gone by,
Bleeding, and falling, but scorning to yield,
Deeming it glorious thus to die.

Under the eyes of our noble Queen,
She who is loved in palace and cot,
Prudent in counsel and graceful in mien,
Treasured well in the land of the Scot ;

Kindly and true as a Queen should be,
Winning all hearts by her gentle sway,
Queen of vast continents over the sea,
Every choice blessing bestrew her way !

"Defence, not defiance"—motto grand—
Inspires those thousands all leal and true,
Ready to fight in the cause of their land,
Ripe for deeds such as Britons can do.
Worthy they are the fame of their race,
Fond of Old Scotland—proud of its might—
Firmly resolved ne'er their flag to disgrace :
Happiness tend them by day and night !

Kitty.

KITTY, thou art fair
As a flower in May,
And thy face is bright
As a summer's day.

Those dark eyes of thine
Beam with diamond light,
Lovely as the skies
On a starry night.

Kitty, thy sweet voice
Falls in cadence long,
Like the nightingale's
In his evening song.

Still I see thy smile,
As I saw it last,
Like the moon's bright ray
On the waters cast.

Nor will I forget
Every charm of thine,
Thou art more than fair,
Kitty, thou'rt divine.

Stafford Northcote, Earl of Eddesleigh.

THE patriot Statesman with the lofty soul
And honest heart, has entered on his rest ;
Vaulting ambition, pride of pomp and power
Were never his, but worth by all confess.

Men trusted him ; and faithful to his trust
He served his Queen with active, constant zeal,
Despising party tricks ; to all men just,
And ever eager for his country's weal.

Party opponents were his treasured friends,
No foes had he, this gentle, kindly man,
The soul of honour, blameless in his life ;
Winning esteem and earning no one's ban.

The light of learning rested on his brow,
And graceful speech from stores of knowledge grew ;
A genial nature, simple yet refined,
Unvarying courtesy, truth that all men knew.

Sweet peace be thine, true heart, remembered long
By all who love their land ; for well-earned rest
Comes to the weary when life's day is done—
“ Light lie the turf above that honest breast.”

A Keepsake.

NOTHING but a withered rose,
Yet 'tis dearer far to me
Than the fairest flower that blows
On the blossom-covered lea ;
Words of mine can scarcely tell
Why I love this rose so well.

She who culled the flower so dear
Hoped, as time would onward flow,
Through the vista of each year,
It would still more valued grow.
So it has, and now to me
'Tis love's sweetest memory.

Thus it is my thoughts I twine
Round this simple, faded flower ;
It brings memories divine
Of full many a happy hour—
Hours, alas ! too swiftly passed,
Far too beautiful to last.

Why repine ? it is in vain,
Words can ne'er recall those days—
Can they make that rose again
Bloom beneath the sun's warm rays ?
No ! but love—so faithful—brings
Sweet remembrance on her wings

Sorrow and Snow.

(1878.)

FLUTT'RING down from the pale grey sky,
Glitt'ring snowflakes fall on the earth ;
Noiseless—swell parting autumn's sigh,
Voiceless—tell us of winter's birth.
Bringing us word that the year is old,
Ringing in Boreas' noisy reign ;
See them dance on the window pane,
Winter is come again.

Gladness oft comes in winter's train,
Sadness will take its place this year ;
Lightest hearts are riven with pain,
Brightest of hearths and homes are drear.
Over the bonnie land that we love
Poverty knocks at many a door ;
Oh ! may these troubles pass swiftly o'er,
Happiness come once more.

Shattered are hopes at one fell blow,
Scattered are homes once happy and gay ;
Beaming, soft laughing eyes are now
Streaming with tears by night and day.
Pining is commerce, no silv'ry edge
Lining the clouds that fill the sky ;
Grant, oh Heaven, they soon pass by,
And tears leave every eye.

Maiden Mine.

LOVELY is the blush of morn
(When the golden sun is born),
 Or the parting glance of day ;
Sweet the violet in the vale,
And the wild flowers of the dale,
 Yet thou art more fair than they,
 Maiden mine.

When the stars peer forth at night,
Clad in robes of sparkling white,
 Making earth and sky divine,
As I watch their silver gleam,
Of thy radiant face I dream,
 And those beaming eyes of thine,
 Maiden mine.

Oft amid the woods in spring
I have heard the warblers sing,
 And loved well their varied song ;
It reminded me of thee—
Of thy voice's melody,
 And I listened to it long,
 Maiden mine.

When the summer day is done,
Gorgeous is the smiling sun
 Gently sinking to its rest !
Yes ! this world of ours is fair,
And I love its beauties rare ;
 But I love thee still the best,
 Maiden mine.

Truth and Beauty.

So good and kind art thou,
And, oh ! so fair ;
The light of truth is on thy brow—
Who could with thee compare ?

Who could with thee compare ?
So pure and bright—
The tresses of thy golden hair,
Those eyes like beams of light.

Those eyes like beams of light ;
So grand they seem,
I often deemed them such a sight
As comes but in a dream.

As comes but in a dream,
Reminding me
Of thy sweet smile, like sunny beam,
When first I met with thee.

When first I met with thee,
I thought thy face
The loveliest that eyes could see,
Or artist's hand could trace.

Or artist's hand could trace,
Since earth was young ;
Such art thou, dowered with every grace
That poet ever sung.

God Guard Victoria.

THROUGHOUT our sister England and the islands
That gem the ocean's breast,
In Scotia's fertile vales and heath-clad Highlands
Thy name is fondly blessed.

In Irish cabins, prayers are still ascending
For thee, from humble hearth,
Thro' fair Columbia, great and far-extending,
Brave men admire thy worth.

'Neath scorching sun of Hindostan, the many,
Altho' so far away,
Love thee as well and loyally as any
Who own thy gentle sway.

Thou'rt loved in Canada, where nature traces
Rich pastures under snow ;
'Mid Afric sands, a hundred swarthy races
Before thy virtues bow.

The sun is on thine empire always resting,
Her outposts dot the sea ;
Britons by deeds their pride of *her* attesting,
By love their pride of *thee*.

In Memoriam.

For Charles, Earl of Seafield.

DEATH comes, but love can never die,
We only see with vision pure ;
As stars that noonday's beams obscure,
Refulgent gleam in midnight's sky.

The kindly Earl, so true and good,
Young Chief of Grant, who bore with grace
The honours of his ancient race,
And earned a people's gratitude.

The sorrowing lady, heart-oppressed,
Whose hope is quenched, will glean relief
And comfort, that her holy grief
Finds answer in full many a breast.

How hard to sunder cords of love !
Yet though we scarce discern it now,
He yields a coronet below,
To win a fadeless crown above.

On the Sea Shore.

SHE was a maiden full fair of face—
Fair of face as a lily white ;
Dowered with innocent, child-like grace,
Her tresses dark as the brow of night ;
Loved was she by a valiant youth,
Loved for her beauty and heart of truth.

He wooed her early, he wooed her late—
Cold to love was her guileless breast—
She was too good for love or hate,
And read not the tale that he confessed ;
“ Learn this lesson of love,” he said,
“ That I adore thee till I am dead.”

Much did she marvel how fond he was,
Softly she smiled, and turned away,
“ ’Tis sweet being loved without a cause”—
And that was all that the maid would say ;
Only this she thought in her mind,
Ne’er had she met one so brave and kind.

Yet love swift wearies, and love dies soon,
The warmer 'tis it will quickest fly ;
As sweet as roses that bloom in June,
And, like them, breezes will make it die.
His heart grew weary, he left her side,
In other lands he sought for a bride.

Wonders the maid that he comes no more,
Hot tears tremble in those brown eyes,
And love—a stranger to her before—
Now fills her heart, for she wildly cries,
“Loved maid never as love do I,”—
But over the waves comes no reply.

A Year of Disaster.

1878.

It entered 'mid the clashing noise of war,
While yet the Ottoman refused to yield ;
Its natal sun and first pale tremulous star
Shone o'er the gory field.

Not e'en this baptism of blood and tears
Could satisfy the fiery god of war,
For now his blood-stained banner he uprears
'Neath Afghan sky afar.

A year it was of sorrow and of pain,
A year of sadness, suffering, and wrong ;
Disaster followed in disaster's train,
And ruin joined the throng.

Want is an enemy, relentless, keen,
And thousands grapple with it all through life,
But when it comes where it had never been,
Men shrink before the strife.

Those who knew poverty but as a thing
That no one loves, although so many know,
Alas ! now feel its sharp and bitter sting
Into their heart's cores go.

One smiling autumn eve, in sight of shore,
A ship with human freight all glad and gay
Went down, and hundreds saw their homes no more—
Their lives were swept away.

Death came not to the lowly cot alone—
It knocked at castle porch and palace door ;
And ere the hoary-headed year was gone,
Misfortune's cup flowed o'er.

A well-loved Princess of our native land
Was cut down in the brightness of her youth ;
Her life's work offers an example grand
Of simple worth and truth.

Our nation loved her for the kindly ways
Which so endeared her Royal name to all ;
And while the tongues of greatness speak her praise,
A people's hot tears fall.

C o b e.

Love speeds the wanderer 'neath the tropic sun,
It makes him hasten o'er the arid plain ;
Love soothes the peasant when the day is done,
And elevates the toiling, rural swain.
Love fires the soldier on the battle-field,
And nerves his arm to fight with greater power ;
It is a shield and helmet 'gainst his foes,
'Tis the last whisper in his dying hour :
And when he thinks of brighter scenes above,
There mingle with his thoughts the dreams of love.

Love makes the broken-hearted smile again,
Inspires the minstrel when his harp he strings
To tune a happy or a mournful strain :
No nobler theme than love the poet sings,
For when his song is love his heart beats fast ;
He pictures all things beautiful and bright,
A group of figures flit before his eyes,
Like beaming stars upon a wintry night ;
His thoughts will wander like a frighted bird,
But still return to the sweet little word.

The sailor o'er the ocean's depths may roam,
And visit lands which nature has made fair,
What port, to him, so welcome as his home ?
For all his hopes, and all he loves are there.
Ah ! this were a bleak world if wanting love ;
'Twould be a dark waste, desolate and cold.
Love is a priceless boon, a spotless pearl,
More to be sought than countless mines of gold ;
But yet, how oft neglected—cast away,
Left like a flower to bloom but for a day.

When Hope's Sun Sank.

It was in May-time ; daisies bright
Cast flowery sunshine on the lea ;
And countless blossoms, pure and white,
Smiled welcome from the hawthorn tree.
I held a lily hand in mine,
And gazed into a well-loved face ;
The sun sank—'twas our parting sign ;
We lingered for a little space.
I deemed although we had to part,
It haply might not be for long ;
Yet then a pang was at my heart,
And not the linnet's trilling song,
That filled the branches overhead,
Could make that bitter pain the less.
Was it the foreboding of dread,
The prophet of a life's distress ?
We parted then. I gazed a while
Until she reached the cottage door.
Methought she smiled—ah ! bright her smile
As sunlight on a fairy shore.

Alas ! I saw her never more :
Ere yet the hawthorn fruit was red,
Before the autumn leaves grew hoar,
The roses from her cheeks had fled.
May month has come again and sped,
The daisy peeps from verdant brae ;
But one fair blossom drooped its head
And faded on a summer's day.

Fairer than flowers.

FAIR are the flowers thou hast gathered for me,
They are nigh beautiful, maiden, as thee ;
Ah ! when I gaze on each rich, garish hue,
I ask is there aught on earth grander to view ?

Then my impulsive heart quickly replies—
“ What ! do’st forget some one’s soul-speaking eyes ;
And not remember the face of a maid,
Bright as the sweet flowers in the green forest glade.

“ Is the white jasmine more pure than her brow,
Has that moss rosebud her cheek’s damask glow ?
Can the proud tulip that rears up its head,
Compare with her ripe lips so tempting and red ? ”

Often I thought that in this world of ours,
Nature made nothing so fair as the flowers ;
That all her care on these gems she did heap,
Then left things to chance and indulged in a sleep.

I cannot say if it truly is so—
Thou art akin to the flowers and may’st know—
Only one way to explain it I see—
Before Nature slumbered she must have planned thee !

Only a Glance.

NOTHING but a glance
From her eyes of light,
But I see them beaming still
As I muse to-night.

Nothing but a word
From her lips so red,
Ere the golden chord is broke
And the vision fled.

Nothing but a smile,
Yet how sweet to see ;
Through long changeful years 'twill not
Leave my memory.

Nothing but a touch
Of her dainty hand,
Ere the beauteous fairy's passed,
And I lonely stand.

Brief our meeting was—
Joy is ever brief.
Nought, methinks, on earth dwells long
But the sting of grief.

War.

'NEATH the lurid Eastern sky
Warfare's victims strew the plain ;
And the bitter cries of pain
Tell how hard it is to die.

Man, the masterpiece of God,
Taught to do a monarch's will,
Learned the art of war to kill,
Stains with blood the verdant sod.

Moslem, Muscov, in their gore
Mingle on the crimsoned plain ;
Battle's clangour rings in vain,
They can hear its din no more.

Not a tear bedews their bed ;
But perhaps in humble cot,
In some distant, lowly spot,
Dear ones sorrow for the dead.

A loved mother mourns the son
She will gaze on never more;
By the stately Danube's shore
He lies cold, his life race run.

Some fond maid, with face divine,
And a heart of simple truth,
Marvels what delays the youth
Who had worshipped at her shrine.

Still he comes not to renew
Every leal impassioned vow ;
But the truth dawns on her now—
He has bid his last adieu !

May the time yet come when peace—
Gentle Queen—shall reign below,
Man then call no man his foe,
War, and hate, and discord cease.

Peace.

BATTLE's din and clangour cease,
Mars, exhausted, sinks to rest,
And the anxious world is blessed
By the joyful smile of peace.

Warfare reigned, alas ! too long
In those sunny eastern lands ;
Vengeful hearts and bloodstained hands,
Piled up suffering on wrong.

Muscov rulers' words are laws,
And as such must be obeyed ;
No demur the peasants made,
Why should they inquire the cause ?

Theirs to battle for the Czar,
And, I trow, they did it well,
Bravely fought, and bled, and fell,
Following the fiery car.

Grandly, too, the Moslem host
Met their sullen northern foe,
Shrinking not beneath his blow,
Even when the day was lost.

One among that gallant throng
 Won the highest meed of fame ;
 For the Ghazi Osman's name
And his deeds will live in song.

Long and stubborn was the fight ;
 But the wearied Osmanli,
 Though he proudly scorned to flee,
Fell before the Muscovite.

Oh, that peace prevailed for aye !
 Russ and Turk be foes no more ;
 May it reign from shore to shore,
In a future, brighter day.

He Cometh Not.

FOR long years they had been parted—
 'Twas her fault, poor, weeping maid,
For full deeply had she wronged him,
 And his noble heart betrayed ;
Now she lingered at the window—
 “But he cometh not,” she said.

In their life's bright sunny morning
 She had cast him from her side,
With a woman's captious humour,
 Though she might have been his bride ;
But she thought he might return yet,
 For she wot not of his pride.

But 'twas said the heart she doubted
 Strove to let her be forgot,
Though it sometimes may have murmured
 At the harshness of its lot.
Still the maid gazed from the window,
 And she cried, “He cometh not.”

“ Will he come again, I wonder,
Will our lives be spent in twain?
Had he known how I repented
He would come ;” but 'twas in vain,
For the lover she had slighted,
Never, never came again.

Mabel.

SWEET one with the beaming eyes,
 'Tis not thee alone I love.
“What!” the trusting maiden cries,
 “Would your heart already rove?”
“Ah! my dear,” he smiling said,
 “Though I've sweethearts more than thee,
Darling, do not look dismayed,
 For you must not jealous be.
Keep the secret faithfully,
 And I'll tell their names to thee.
I love all the flowers so fair—
 Roses, violets, eglantine,
Blending fragrance with the air,
 Making earth so nigh divine;
I love well the birds that sing
 All the sunny summer long,
Making woods and valleys ring
 With their soft, melodious song.

I love summer, but 'tis flown,
So *that* love has jilted me,
And I would be left alone,
If it had not been for thee !
So, till summer come again,
With her songsters' notes of glee,
Bringing flow'rets in her train,
I will woo no one but thee.

What is War?

WHAT is war? exclaims the monarch,
 'Tis a game we rulers play;
'Tis a pleasant recreation,
Nation battling against nation,
 Striving who will gain the day.

What is war? the source of glory
 And of fame, the soldier cries;
Where the tyrant's hosts we shatter,
And our country's foes we scatter,
 Where the hero proudly dies.

What is war? sobs out the widow,
 But a hateful, fearful thing;
There men strike down one another—
As if man were not man's brother—
 All to satisfy a king.

What is war? they ask a maiden,
 Thus she mournfully replies—
There the lover, whom I cherished,
Bravely fought, and, fighting, perished,
 No fond hand to close his eyes.

What is war? A thirsting Moloch,
Nursed on blood, and sobs, and tears ;
Archetype of desolation,
Sovereign of tribulation,
Throned on human woes and fears.

Bessie.

THY birthday brings no wealth of flowers,
Such as will fill the lap of June,
When feathered songsters are in tune,
And bees hum through the evening hours.

The tiny snowdrops come alone
To greet thee on thy natal day ;
For thou art pure and fair as they,
And modest sweetness is thine own.

Sweet sunny face and merry eyes—
I see their brightness from afar,
As we behold a white-robed star
Deck the blue depths of yonder skies.

Thou'rt near and dear to her who crowned
My life with simple faith and truth,
The glory of her guileless youth—
Fond love that lasts though time goes round.

May Fortune's choicest gifts be thine,
All through bright years that are to be ;
Sweet peace take up its home with thee,
And happiness around thee shine.

In a Lady's Album.

GAY flowers are here in garish prime,
Portrayed in sunny hues ; each leaf
In this bright book is rich as sheaf
Of golden grain in harvest time.

The pansy's modest grace is there,
The rose and fragrant eglantine,
While fronds of maidenhair entwine
With lily-of-the-valley fair.

All these are beautiful to view,
And gaily deck a maiden's breast ;
But still I love the ivy best—
Symbol of friendship pure and true.

So may the friends of thy fair youth,
Like ivy cling unto the last ;
'Mid Summer's sheen and Winter's blast,
For friendship rests on faith and truth.

True Friends.

TRUE friend is he, and all day long
 You roam together far and near ;
Though gallant "Osman" never speaks,
 You know he holds you very dear ;
He looks into your laughing eyes
 With such a patient, pensive air,
And follows you with stately grace
 O'er lawn and meadow—everywhere.

Brave "Osman" springs from hardy race
 That thrives 'mid Alpine peaks of snow,
Where Bernard rears its ice-crowned head,
 Ravines and glaciers frown below ;
Numb'd travellers in the snow-drift lost,
 Are guided to the Hospice nigh,
Where kindly monks tend on them well,
 Until the storm-cloud wanders by.

Your home was in a lovelier clime,
 Nor cloud nor gloom its glory mars ;
Beyond the empire of the sun,
 Beyond the region of the stars.

Three harvest moons have risen red
Since you, in summer's early days,
From distant spheres where angels dwell,
Brought wealth of winsome, winning ways.

Be happy, blithesome child at play
Beside your honest shaggy friend ;
A good dog is both wise and true,
Right faithful to the very end ;
Devotion is his law of life,
He shows the love he cannot tell ;
Be kind to him, my merry boy,
And he will always guard you well.

Alec.

MAY thy birthday e'er be happy,
Sorrow never come to thee ;
May the years glide on for ever,
Like a clear and tranquil river
Flowing onward to the sea.

May those years be spent in gladness,
Peaceful as that sky above,
Calm as summer's stilly ocean,
Blessed with truest friends' devotion,
And with some fond maiden's love.

In a right good bounteous measure
Joy and happiness be thine ;
All her gifts may fortune lend thee,
Ever with her smiles attend thee :
Such my wish, dear friend of mine.

A Winter Lyric.

WINTER comes, and the leaves are flying,
Snow is falling in vale and wold ;
The flowers of summer are low lying,
The wild wind's sighing ; the autumn's dying,
Earth is less fair, and the year grows old.
Mourn not the flowers, for the sere boughs cover them,
Snowflakes weave a coronal over them,
With the spring they will return,
Their leaves will be green again,
Their glories be seen again,
So why should we mourn ?

Welcome, winter, from northland springing,
Brave old monarch of wind and snow,
Gifts of sparkling icicles bringing ;
Merrily singing, their way swift winging,
Soon will the skaters glide to and fro.
Cold is thy grasp, but we shall not speak of it,
Chill thy heart, but we do not reck of it,
Gen'rous fires will burn full bright ;
Log piles we will raise up high,
And the flames will blaze up high,
Far into the night.

In the Shadows.

THE sleety snow is covering the wold,
And the wintry breezes blow ;
In a world full vain and cold
A woman sighed " Long ago."

For she was happy in that early time,
White innocence wreathed her brow ;
Her life was a flower in prime :
Unstained its tints long ago.

Hearts once were eager to win her love ;
And the smile she would bestow
Was a gift all gifts above
To admirers long ago.

Oh, sadness ; now it was past recall—
'Mid love's blossoms thorns oft grow ;
She fell as a star would fall ;
In the thought-fraught long ago.

Ah, cruel memory, why dost thou come,
With thy million tongues of woe,
To tell the erring of home,
And dear ones of long ago?

She pressed her hand on that throbbing head,
Weak, she sank down in the snow;
Her face, when they found her dead,
Wore the smile of long ago.

Who Loves War?

Tis not the maid who, with voice sweet to hear,
Whispers fond words in her soldier-love's ear ;
If he would leave her—if they had to part—
Ah ! it would break the girl's generous heart.
She would not smile all the long summer's day,
Nor merrily sing like a mavis in May ;
If, 'neath the glare of the battle-lit sky,
He were to fall, the poor maiden would die.

'Tis not the mother whose dear soldier boy
Fills her warm bosom with gladness and joy ;
Well does she know of war's dangers and woes—
Husband and brother died facing their foes,
On that bleak shore washed by Euxine's dark sea,
Where England and France brought the Russ on his
knee ;
Tears fill her eyes, and she sighs in dismay
When she remembers what war took away.

War is a stern and a terrible thing,
Thousands are slain at the word of a king ;
Bravest of men fall on fields stained with gore,
Life, love, and friendship for them are no more.
Yet war has been, and perchance yet may be ;
War oft has been waged for the right and the free.
Hail, coming day, when War's slaughter shall cease ;
Earth find repose 'neath the white wings of Peace !

A Late May Day.

In times gone by long,
Fair maids would sigh long
To wear the hawthorn upon this day ;
With blossoms laden
To deck the maiden,
The hedgerows waved on the first of May.

'Tis vain regretting,
There is no getting
A blossom now (they are hardly green) ;
The girls, heartbroken,
See not a token
Of flowery crown for the chosen queen.

Since there's no blossoms
To deck their bosoms,
No hawthorn buds to place in their hair ;
Nor pink-eyed daisies—
I sing their praises,
And weave a song for the girls so fair.

At Rest.

FROM pain and weariness at rest,
Kind heart that beat so fond and true,
Through years girt round with love, tho' few ;
We loved you well, but God loves best.

We cannot comprehend His ways ;
We trust Him. Death is Heaven's door,
And he has only gone before—
We linger for a few brief days.

'Tis taught us that life passeth by
As swiftly as a watch by night,
Yet tears of sorrow dim our sight
When those we love the dearest die.

One hope remains amid our grief,
The thought that, when our days are past,
Together we may meet at last,
Where aching hearts find blest relief.

Beyond.

THE heart is cold that was loving,
And the deft, skilled hand is chill ;
God strengthen the weeping mother
In meekness to bear His will.

Youth's fair and roseate picture
Of promise is blotted away ;
The hopes that bud in the morning
At noon-day droop in decay.

Our griefs and our joys are mingled
In this troubled sphere below ;
Pale sorrow and rose-flushed bounty
From one mighty fountain flow.

Less radiant earth's rarest glories
Than the gleam of one lonely star ;
Though life's chord is suddenly broken,
Rich harmony reigneth afar.

We grope in a haze of darkness,
In a mystic realm we dwell ;
But we list to the distant voices,
And a tale of hope they tell.

Though the clouds are dark above us,
In front is the rising sun,
And we gaze on the glorious dawning,
As we cry, "God's will be done."

Three Centuries Ago.

Fotheringay, 8th February, 1587.

"And the sweet lady on the Scottish throne,
Whose crown was colder than a band of ice,
Yet seem'd a sunny crown whene'er she smiled."

Robert Buchanan.

ADOWN the vista of three hundred years,
How lurid and encrimsoned gleams the crime
That stains the fame of England's maiden Queen.

Fair flower that bloomed in Scotland and in France,
Dowered by such wondrous beauty ; gold-tressed head
That bore a crown and many sorrows bore,
Oh ! what a weight of suffering pressed that brow !
When traitors vile conspiring, and the hate
Of narrow-minded zealots, evil-tongued,
Clutched at the Stuart sceptre in thine hand,
The courage of thy race shone on the field
Of battle, but the fateful star that gleamed
Upon thy line through changeful centuries,
At Langside rested on thy queenly brow.

After nigh twenty years' captivity
Thou still wert regnant queen of many hearts,
And brave men died for wishing thou wert free ;

Our Queen of Scots, fair as a queen of dreams,
With innocence upon thy radiant brow,
With sweet largesse flowing from thy lips :
Still true more than earlier holy faith
That brights sought to trample in the dust.

Lady of sorrows, it was not a crime
To sigh that bright-eyed Liberty might break
The galling fetters of a tyrant's will.
Time, ever just, the balance fairly holds,
With thy fame kindly deals ; if blame there be,
Can years of hopeless suffering not efface
A woman's transient error ; history tells
Of all thy beauty and thy misery,
Of life's young sunshine in the Court of France,
And noonday's troubles on the Stuarts' throne,
And all the long, dark evening of thy woe,
Until thy star was quenched at Fotheringay.

Love's Recompense.

(AN ITALIAN TALE).

"Tis eve ; beneath a tree two lovers stand—
Hand clasped in hand, and gaze of mutual love—
The maiden weeps, and while hot tear-drops glide
Adown her peach-like cheeks, she sighs anew ;
For they are parting, and when dear ones part
Hearts oft are broken, ne'er to heal again.
But these fond lovers in the morn of life
Are pledging to each other vows of truth.
The youth bends on his knee, and, gazing on
The maiden's face, he asks her to be true.
Her soft reply falls gently on his ear—
"Yes, I will ever faithful be to you
And cannot love another."

"That is well,"

Exclaims the boy ; "I go away to win
Fortune and fame to cast down at your feet."
He holds her in his arms ; one moment more
And he is gone, the maiden stands alone.
Brief as the burning sweetness of a kiss
Was that fond parting, but how full of woe !

• • • • •

A year or two passed by ; the youth returns
After a sojourn in an eastern clime.
He stands beneath the branches where he stood
In the bright dawning of his youthful love,
And gazes with affection's eye around,
Upon the memory-laden spot, where oft
He knelt before the worshipped of his heart.
The neighbouring village bells ring out a chime
Of gladsome music. As it strikes his ear,
He thinks that soon their sound will swell again
Upon his marriage-day ; for he knows not
That she, who pledged her heart in love to him,
Remembered not her promise ; he forgets
That woman oft can break her earnest vows,
And cast them to the winds. E'en did he know
That woman was inconstant, he could not
Believe that she who was his early dream
Might prove unfaithful ; but alas ! 'twas so.
He hastens on and nears a modest church,
Where rustic groups had gathered to observe
A bridal party issue from the porch.
Ere he had stood there long, a whispered hum
Went round, and the new-wedded pair came forth
With smiling mien. Ere they could look around
The traveller turned away, and his pale brow
Grew still more pale. He bade that scene farewell,
And long he wandered from his native land

In stranger's countries, striving to forget
His past and blighted life. On the red field
Of battle, he fought 'gainst the Moslem hosts,
And used his arm to aid the cause of right.
Ever where danger was, he, too, was there,
And in the thickest of the crimsoned fray
His form was seen ; he fain would end the life
That was so early seared, but all in vain ;
The death which he expected did not come.
He was a mystery to friend and foe,
The one with wonder saw his scorn of life,
The other dreaded, yet admired him too.
At length the sun of Liberty emerged
From out the sable clouds that hid it long.
The Moslem tyrants' yoke was spurned, and right
Once more asserted its supremacy.
Our brave Count Paolo bade a long farewell
To friends and comrades. When they wished him stay
And be a leader in the land, he sighed,
Saying " Freedom is man's birthright ; he should not
Be robbed of it, and when the despot's chain
Is dangling o'er the neck of liberty,
Man ought to aid his brother man, though he
May own another land to be his sires',
That, that alone is all that I have done—
Fought against wrong, and I would fight again
If right were menaced. Comrades, friends, adieu ! "

He vaulted on his steed and went his way,
While those he left recount brave Paolo's deeds.
Long years he wandered far, and strove to find
The Lethean stream, but 'twas a futile search,
His lone heart's sorrow never was forgot.
Then he bethought him that he might return
And view his dear-loved land of Italy.
Near to the place where he had learned that grief
Can bow a haughty heart, he dwelt in quiet.
One eve a stranger reached the Castle gate
And gently pled for hospitality.
A lady 'twas, and lovely as the beams
That Sol still scattered on the western hills.
Count Paolo told a servant to admit
The maiden ; when she entered he grew pale
And started in his chair, but quickly rose,
Bowing, and said, "Pardon me, it was but
A passing memory of other days.
I thought I traced resemblance in your face
To one familiar in years gone by.
Welcome, and make your home in Paolo's halls."
The lady, in a voice melodious,
Spake simple words of thanks ; and, blushing, told
The story of her youthful life, for she
Had scarce seen eighteen summers ; yet her days,
Like his, were tinged with bitterness and grief.
Her mother died ere she had heard her babe

Lisp the first accents of infantine love ;
Her father lived until a recent day,
But now she was alone in this cold world.
Count Paolo asked her name, when she replied
“ Lucetta ;” he called it a pretty name,
And one that brought his thoughts to other years.
“ That name was dear to me once on a time,
Fair child,” he said ; and then he told the tale
Of all his blighted hopes in these brief words :—
“ When I was young, nigh young as you are now,
I loved a guileless maiden, with a love
That was ineffable ; she was the soul
Of my life’s life, my idol and my pride.
Her birth was humble, but I deemed that she
Was linked to nature’s aristocracy.
She knew not but that I was peasant-born.
I met her first when roaming near her home,
And saw her oft before we bade adieu.
I went abroad with a light heart, for she
Had promised to be mine on my return.
Two brief years quickly passed, and I once more
Set foot in Italy, went to her home,
And found, alas ! that she was newly wed.
Never again did I see the dark eyes
That often gazed so trustingly in mine,
Hear the sweet voice that thrilled me with its tones,
Or clasp the form so dear in times gone by.

I did not wish to cloud her happiness,
So hastened far away, and wandered long.”
Lucetta bent her head, the tear-drops fell,
She wept to think that one who was so kind
And gentle, should have such a load of grief ;
She marvelled that a woman could deceive
One who had such a noble, generous heart.
She knew 'twas whispered that his life had been
Somewhat mysterious, and the gossips said
That he was oft times foremost in the fight ;
But she believed it not, nor thought that he
Who was so mild had shed a foeman's blood.
Lucetta took a locket from her neck,
Saying she held her mother's portrait there ;
Paolo one moment gazed, and wildly cried,
“ That is the face of my lost, only love.”
Placing his hands before his eyes, he wept.
Then turning to Lucetta he exclaimed—
“ And she is dead ; ah ! then all was in vain !
Often I fell upon my bended knees
Imploring Heaven's blessings on her head.
Oh ! had I known that she had ceased to be
I would not now be here, I'd leave my corse
Upon the crimsoned field. Life is full sad,
But cannot have in store a greater blow.”
He bade the maid good-night, and said that he
Would see her in the morn.

The rising sun
Had scarcely shown its smiling face above
The orient gates, when Paolo was out-doors,
And walking in the garden—'twas his wont.
Lucetta soon came out to bid the Count
A happy morning. When she made approach,
He turned to meet her, and impressed a kiss
Upon a brow that vied in purity
With snow-wreaths on the lofty Appenines.
He asked if she could interpret the signs
Of Floral language ? when she bowed assent,
He took her little hand, dropped on one knee,
Tendered a flower to her ; the words expressed
Being—"Say wilt thou be mine ?" Lucetta blushed,
But spake no word ; her wooer, rising up,
Sought a reply, and kissed her when he heard
The answer "Yes," which fell as soft as dew
Falls on the flowers at eve. The simple word
Made Paolo's heart beat fast, and he rejoiced
At having found one worthy of his love.
She was a breathing picture of the maid
Whose broken vows seared Paolo's lofty heart.
And, troth, his heart *was* noble, and his love
Was pure and high as love should ever be.

Bright blazed the bonfires, loud the cannons pealed
Around the Castle of Count Paolo's sires.

It was a happy day in Paolo's life—
The sun shone on his wedding morn ; his heart
And hand were given to one who loved him well.
Their years were prosperous, and flitted by
Like one unbroken dream of happiness.
Love had a high reward. Paolo forgot
That she, whose infant prattled on his knee,
Was not the girl who, 'neath the trysting tree,
Once fondly promised to be his alone.

SONNETS



I.

To L. B. M.

(A FAMED SOPRANO).

To thee, who warblest sweetly as a bird,
Nature is full of music ; 'mid the trees
Whose leafy branches sway with every breeze
That woos their sylvan home, rich tones are heard.
The falling leaves weave Sorrow's melody,
The lark his joyant anthem sings on high
As Earth's ambassador to that bright sky
Whose chiefest orb gives life to flower and tree.
Thou with sweet grace interpretest the scheme
Of Nature's harmony ; thy perfect voice
Lends beauty to the simplest Scottish theme,
And glorifies the greatest. May'st rejoice
In length of happy days, sweet as thy song,
With Fortune's flowers thy pathway strewn along.

II.

Byron and Greece.

BRAVEST amongst the bards ; of wayward will,
And haughty heart, that loved the world not well ;
Who soared so high on genius' wings, and fell
Through pride and passion. Yet we love thee still,
And hail thee as the champion and friend
Of struggling, striving Greece ; for in her hour
Of danger, thou wert foremost to defend
That country of the gods, and break the power
Of Moslem tyranny. Transcendent star
That gems the firmament of poesy,
Though clouds of hate and blackest calumny
Obscured the light a moment, brighter far
It gleams again. Yea, truth is stern and strong,
And they are shamed who strove to do thee wrong.

III.

At Midnight.

OH ! what a glorious picture to behold :
The blue sky burning with its million stars ;
The planets, wondrous-tinted, silver, gold,
Ringed Jupiter, bright Venus, fiery Mars !
What are those worlds ? Do people live and die
In them as here ? Is Saturn fair as earth ?
Do flowers bloom there, or birds hail summer's birth ?
Boasted philosophy makes no reply !
Then let us look upon that starry host,
And marvel at the greatness of the God
That placed them in their orbits ; none are lost
To His all-seeing eye, for with a rod
Of power He controls those boundless spheres—
So it will be till time recks not of years.

IV.

To Poesy.

I LOVE thee well and woo thee, Poesy,
Fair sister thou'rt of Love, methinks that she
Without thee of her beauty would be shorn,
And her romance would quickly wane away,
As the morn fades before the coming day,
When golden Phœbus' smile proclaims the morn.
Long since, thou led'st Love through thy garden fair,
Where springeth up the cultured buds of song,
And she culled of the fairest blossoms there,
Decking herself with them ; thro' ages long
These flowers have bloomed upon thy sister's brow.
In life's bright morn I weave for her and thee,
From airy dreams this artless melody,
And cast it down before thine altar now.

v.

Regal Beauty.

MAIDEN, I love thee, and this heart of mine,
Faithful and true as heart could ever be—
Is given fondly, lovingly to thee ;
Then let me own at least a part of thine ;
Enshrined in regal beauty thou'rt divine.
Thou art fair Nature's favourite, for she
Made thee more lovely than the fragrant flowers,
And placed none like to thee in Beauty's bowers ;
Thy voice is sweeter than the melody
That charmed Ulysses on the Capriote sea.
It thrills my bosom like a magic spell,
As the sweet sound of a forgotten song
Wakes pleasant memories that have slumbered long,
And brings a joy that words must fail to tell.

VI.

Electricity.

OH, what a wealth of wonders have been wrought
By Science in this restless world of ours !
Foremost of these, and fraught with mystic powers,
Is swift-winged Telegraphy. Pensive Thought
Looks up to marvel at the fact sublime,
That words can travel faster than the wind ;
For it annihilates both space and time,
And leaves the breeze's murmur far behind.
Nor do men rest content with what is done—
The human voice now speeds along the wire,
And even greater triumphs shall be won.
'Tis passing strange ; the power that hurls its fire
From frowning thunder-cloud, will brook command
Beneath the touch of maiden's tapered hand !

VII.

Falls of Garry.

STERN handiwork of Nature, near to thee
I wandered oft in days now passed away ;
And leant o'er the wild precipice, to see
 The falling of thy wealth of silvered spray
That leaps the dizzy height, and plunges o'er
 The rough-hewn rocks, and while it sweeps along
Kisses the wild flowers clinging to thy shore,
 Making strange music like some fairy song.
Upon those banks, fair Garry, the blue-bell,
 The fern, and heather blend their beauties rare,
And make sweet Nature's splendour still more fair.
Ah ! yet in memory I hear thy swell
 As once when roaming near that rapid stream,
And see thee as in an unfading dream.

VIII.

Adolphe Thiers.

A MIGHTY soul is flown away from earth
To realms above ; one noble heart is chill,
A voice of grandest eloquence is still.
France—Europe—mourns the loss of truth and worth—
For every patriot will grieve for Thiers :
 He loved his country well, and served her long,
 Foremost in aiding right or branding wrong.
Altho' the storms of twice two scores of years
Snow-capped his lofty brow, and bowed his head,
 His giant intellect lost not that pow'r,
 Which was its own in manhood's earlier hour.
Fair France, weep—weep for the illustrious dead,
For thou, methinks, in this thy troublous day,
Will miss a trusty guide to point the way.

IX.

Garibaldi.

HAIL, hoary soldier, crowned with victory,
Brave Garibaldi, fair Italia's son,
Thy herculean task was nobly done !
What gift gav'st thou thy country ? Liberty !
Thou art revered in glorious Italy—
Land from which bards and warriors have sprung,
The land where Cæsar fought and Tasso sung—
Our England loves thee well, for tyranny
Finds not a home in Albion. Thy fame
Dwells far beyond the ocean—hast thou not
Fought in Columbia ? in every spot
Where right was menaced tyrants feared thy name.
Hero ! that name—the watchword of the free—
Shall live till worlds and time have ceased to be.

xii.

War in the East.

FROM golden East, land of the rising sun,
Fierce shouts of strife fall on the list'ning ear ;
The reign of Peace is o'er ; she drops a tear,
And sighing to think that War the day hath won,
Flies at the foe's approach. The fatal sound
Makes woman's loving breast with grief abound,
Dreading that one she loves may find a bed
'Mid the uncounted army of the dead ;
Yet, hoping against hope, she sees depart
Husband or son, alike dear to her heart :
The orphan weeps his sire led to the fight,
And wonders why he does not come again ;
He comes no more ! upon the crimsoned plain
The soldier's eyes gaze on an endless night.

XIII.

Autumn.

FAREWELL ! sweet flowers, the cold, unpitying blast
Sweeps down the glens, your glorious reign is o'er ;
The garishness of summer time is past,
The petals fall on autumn's harvest floor :
Ambassadors from Heav'n that show to men
What beauty is ; true emblems, pure and bright,
Of life, that ceases, and is life again,
Through all mutations—darkness turned to light.
Oh ! richest gifts, showered from the far-off skies
(From whence all blessings come), life dark would be
If flowers came never nigh to glad our eyes !
Gems of the garden, beautiful to see,
And dowered with fragrance, bide not long away,
But swift return to make this dull earth gay.

XIV.

Byron.

IMMORTAL one, who filled a world with song,
Thrilling a nation with thy sounding lyre,
Enrapturing thousands with poetic fire,
Imbuing them with thine own hate of wrong ;
Thy memory ne'er can perish, it shall swell
Like the sweet music of thy lyre divine ;
The cause of liberty, by thee loved well,
Again requires hearts great and brave as thine.
The Grecian gained his rights by thee led on,
When the fierce Turk was pitiless as now.
A hero's fame is thine—full nobly won,
Let warrior's laurels deck that lofty brow,
The soldier-poet, such the glorious name
To which thou hast so fair, so just a claim.

xv.

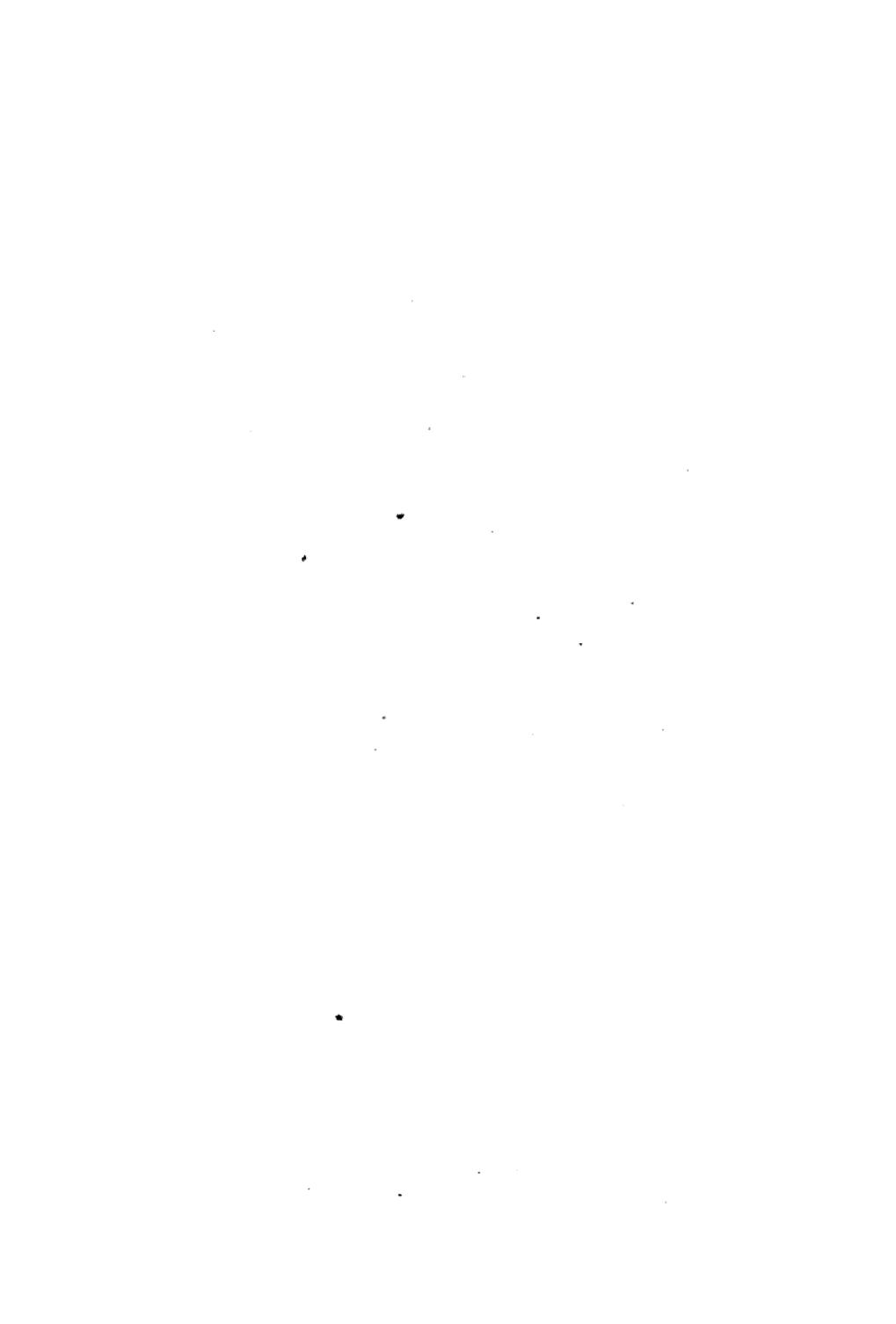
At Holprood.

'Twss here she dwelt that was so wondrous fair,
So queen-like, and ill-fated. Many times
Her form reclined in that carved, antique chair,
While Rizzio played the lute, and courtly rhymes
Were breathed by Chastelâr—fond devotee.
This darkened closet hid the ruthless crew
Whose daggers the musician's life-blood drew.
The Queen's four Maries often bent the knee,
And uttered praise in this small cornered space ;
Upon the pillows of that lumbering bed
Reposed wronged Mary Stuart's gold-tressed head ;
That mirrored steel reflected once her face !
'Tis full of gloom this turret-hall of tears,
This grey, grim monument of other years.

XVI.

The Napoleons.

ILL-FATED race, all born beneath the star
Of doom, that gleamed on them its baneful blight ;
The greatest Buonaparte whose matchless might
Crushed down the rations 'neath his fiery car,
And filled with awe-struck wonder mortal eyes,
Died, exiled, on a rock across the wave ;
His only boy saw but few summers' skies
Ere strangers laid him in an exile's grave.
The Third Napoleon, vanquished at Sedan,
Fled from his land and died on English soil
A crownless Cæsar—broken-hearted man.
His high-souled son, who scarcely strove to foil
The cruel Nemesis, fell far away,
Pierced to the heart by Zulu assegai.





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